THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 24, 1806.

OCCASIONAL ESSAYS.

No. V.

MR. EDITOR,

I Shall beg leave to trespass a little further on the patience of your readers, before I dismiss the subject of fashion, and in this number animadvert a little on the great, important, and ever variable point of dress.

I believe you will agree with me, that a pretty woman looks well in any dress; and as my fair countrywomen justly rank with the fairest of the fair, with them all fashions must be becoming. Formerly indeed, plain, decent, family men wore wigs; but fashion has now turned things topsy-turvy; the men all wear their own hair, and the women wear wigs! You know the

> "Chariest maid is prodigal enough,
> "If she unmasks her beauties to the moon."

And all the old women now, endeavour at being the chariest creatures in nature, by *masking* the decays of time. Lud! Mr. Editor, was you but to take a peep at me in my wig, I would pronounce you—"*dead for a ducat.*" You cannot conceive how commodiously it hides all my grey hairs! and then the ringlets drop so enchantingly negligent over my forehead, that even wrinkles lie obscured beneath the fashionable shade. —Wigs then for old women for ever!

But when I see youth and beauty at variance with nature, and disguising loveliness, by hiding and confining fine, luxuriant, flowing hair, beneath a tenfold roll of muslin, formed into fashionable bandeau, I cannot help exclaiming, with Othello,

the handkerchief!—the handkerchief!—the handkerchief!—And when two or three large feathers rise perpendicular in front, resembling an ostrich in a fright, I consider them as placed there to strike awe on mankind; for as "fine fruit will have flies about it," it may be proper "to keep fellows at a distance!" A rule, if strictly adhered to, would save the impropriety and expence of many a trip to Gretna Green, and some elopements afterwards. I shall here beg leave to introduce a conversation I had lately, with my mantua-maker, on this very important point.

"Mrs. Modish, I wish to consult you on the fashion of an elegant suit, on which you must exert all your skill in forming my shape to the best advantage."

"Shape! lo! Ma'am, you are out of all shape; just such another as Madame Cheshire, the great cheesemonger's lady. I made a muslin dress for her, the other day, and though I made it as neat and nice about the shoulders as a new pin, she was perfectly jammed in getting into the chaise door, while the butchers' boys enjoyed the fun, bawling out—stop thief! stop thief!—The fat landlady has robbed the church, and is running off with the parson's surplice! And then too, she would have her sleeves buttoned up to the arm pits, though her arms are the colour of a dew-bespringled red cabbage, and her hands as course, broad, and rough, as a Beaminster platter. But I suppose, Ma'am, as your ladyship is grown old"——

"Old! what does the creature mean? Has not a witty essayest proved, past contradiction, that such a being as an old woman has not been seen to exist these forty years? You are a pretty mantua-maker; old indeed!"

But whatever vagaries madam fashion may sport among our sex to open the ball, every lass has a lad to join hands with, who cross-over and figure in with equal spirit, footing it in exact time to the tune of her frolicksome ladyship's music; and the comic muse will have her jest on the occasion; but however flippant in her joke, never satyrises with injustice, and always means to *tickle*, when she wounds. To you, lords of the creation, who are what nature intended you—*men*—the muse pays every honour due. She only aims her lash at those *things* of the male sex, who reverse the order of nature, by endeavouring to appear less than women, in the shape of men, and have run through their regular gradations of *fribble, macaroni, fop, beau,* and *crop*. With such beings, fashion is an *ignus fatuus* that fascinates the eye, leads reason astray, and renders folly more conspicuously ridiculous. Nature, who never errs, delights in a beautiful variety; and has, therefore, formed men of different persons, minds, and genius, for the better suiting the different avocations in life. In one man's person, we behold tall, elegant proportion; in another's, where nature has

not

not been so bountiful, we see additional strength of mind. Genius varies as much as form, and there is a certain path for every one, that the hand of nature points to: the road is, also, smooth and easy; but it is when persons mistake the road, or when vanity, self conceit, or ambition, is the guide, that we get entangled among thorns and briars. Because a tall, fine-looking fellow, six feet high, is fit to command a company of grenadiers, what an absurdity it would be in an urchin, no higher than his pocket, to aim at being his lieutenant? and is it not equally absurd to suppose one mode of dressing suitable to all persons? A little dapper fellow will look smart and well in a short coat; but when fashion, alias folly, puts such a garment on a long, lank, awkward being, he is whisking it at every corner, impressing you with the idea of an overgrown school boy, or mistaken for her grace's running footman. Again, when long coats are the fashion, because to a tall man, such a covering is graceful and proper; a pigmy will sweat under the burthen of a coat to his heels, looking for all the world, as if the poor creature had, in a hurry, popt on, by mistake, his wife's *riding habit*. Coats have ever been considered as not only a necessary, decent covering, but for warmth and comfort; but now, the two skirts behind, appear to be placed as centinels, at *due distance* from each other, to guard, as I suppose, the *post of honour*.

The other day, an old woman called loudly after a gentleman in the street—

"Sir!—Sir! you have fallen into bad company, I am afraid, for you have lost your coat."

"Lost my coat! the beldame's purblind."

"Lackaday! no, Sir: but never trust me, if some 'scape grace of a boy, or, what is more likely, an errant thief, hanna cut your honour's coat clear and clean in two, and left no more skirts than to an under waistcoat; such a rainy day, I wonder your honour hanna missed it?"

"Why you old fool, this is my *spencer*."

"Spencer?"

"Ay, my great coat."

"O if thee spencer thing be your honour's *great* coat, truly I think it may be *dis*-penced with altogether."

But it is supposed, that *decency* means to issue out orders, that the *great* coat shall, this winter, resume its primitive shape, and utility; were it only to form a *covered way*, for the *post of honour*. Nor can the dignity of the *pantaloon* be forgot, adding grace to the spencer; so as the women are all *heads* and *trains*, the men are all *legs* and *shoulders*, that the body becomes a *non entity*, a mere *lay figure*, to hang robes on, to be twisted and twined at the artist's pleasure!

Nor can we dismiss the subject without an observation on the head attire. Fashion has not been more frolicksome among ladies' bonnets than gentlemen's hats, enlarged or contracted as her whimsical ladyship dictates. At one time a plump, dashy fellow, contrives to screw a mountain of face under a mole hill of a hat; at another, a thin, meagre visage, resembling a monkey in a consumption, peeped below an huge umbrella of a hat. But now hats are hats, and the comic muse loses her jest, heads no longer appearing as mere *pegs* to hang hats on.

But there is one fashion (and a very old one it is) that has never got out of date, and never varies either by sea or land; it is—fighting. As I never commanded in battle, I cannot exactly say what dresses may be worn on such occasions, but I have been told that our brave soldiers and sailors bear no affinity in their appearance or manners to the dashy fops of the age: Never sprinkle themselves with *otto of roses*, or *essence of lavender*. No: The only essence they make use of, is the essence of true British *courage*, blended with the spirit of *gunpowder*. From such a compound, noxious vapours may arise, and is the reason, I suppose, that our polite neighbours of France and Spain, as well as others, have such a disrelish for their company, for it is observed, all—helter—skelter—*fly before them*.

A Frenchman has been heard to declare—That a hearty salute from the clumsy fist of John Bull, gives such a confounded *squeeze*, (for he never loses his hold) and is so rough and unpolished, that he would as soon be in the paws of a lion.

But to return to fashions, as they relate to dress, we will, Mr. Editor, seriously arraign fashion at judgment seat, and justice must acquit her. Fancy gives spur to invention, and industry fattens on our looms, the pride and wealth of the country.

For the increase of our manufactures, then let fashions in dress become general, and no one, henceforward, presume to ridicule any adopter of them, for the public good.

A L O N Z O.

A FRAGMENT.

BOUNDED by the glowing tints of a May evening's declining sun, the prospect, which had long cheered the fainting steps of the youth Alonzo, now began to fade. The long-blown boisterous gale now ceased its rage—in one grand concert of mellifluous notes the warbling choristers, inhabitants of the leafy

leafy grove, poured forth their evening orisons—the busy bee, whose unremitting daily toils furnish a useful lesson to mankind, had sought repose in her humble cell, where was deposited the produce of her toils—the chirping cricket, from the neighbouring hedge, his shrill small voice, at intervals, exerted.

Alonzo, who seldom failed to observe and reflect on the beauties of nature presented to his view, strolled forward, enveloped in a gloom of thought which seemed to tear him from himself; his sprightly air, his gaiety of countenance, and penetrating eye, were overshadowed by a veil of dejection that obscured (except at intervals) the prospect from his view, yet lingering as he paced the way, he sometimes turned his eye, and caught the beauties of the glowing scene. The shadows lengthened as he went, and having reached the summit of a hill, he rested on a hollow stump, and looked around with seeming pleasure on the scene which he had passed, as yet unobserved by the twilight mist that in the distance gathered fast. He still saw the distant spires of a populous city, towering above the vapour, and hills, the summits of which appeared to kiss the purple sky, gradually fading from his sight—the nearer valleys still looked green, the waving groves gave rustlings to the wings of zephyr in his sportive flight, that swelled the cheerful harmony—and as the happy ploughman drove his weary team to rest, he sung some rustic ditty of his native vale.

Alonzo sat reflecting on the solemn grandeur of the scene, ruminating on the vast extension of this wondrous world, while night, with hasty strides, in darkness gathered round his head, and from his presence tore the objects of his contemplation. Still occupied fully with the beloved object of his heart's concern, he sunk into gloomy reflections, and scarcely witnessed that Phœbus had withdrawn his light—a dark tinge was still in the west, where the bright lamp of day had sunk below the horizon; and, in the east, the mellow shadows of the rising moon, now edged the black rolling clouds with light, and again the scenery became visible—he walked onward, revolving in his mind the events of a day he could have wished never to have seen—but checking his wishes with reliance on the just and wise dispensations of providence, he thus reasoned with himself:

"Alas, Alonzo! what art thou?" (the question roused him from his reverie—he startled at himself, and then proceeded) "that thou shouldst wish or think one moment contradictory to that all-seeing power whose fiat rules unbounded through the realms of space, who gave you life and each convenience you enjoy, be satisfied, my soul, nor breathe one anxious sigh to break thy Maker's will, for what is good for thee may be obtained.

tained. Then be it so—and if my Flora still remains unkind it must be good for me to lose her—and can I yield the pleasing form of her I love? whose cheeks more beautiful than Hebe's, whose honey-surfaced tongue breathes words more sweet to me than Hybla's famed produce; the thought distracts me, and I feel unmanned."

Exhausted with fatigue, and overcome with those corroding reflections, he stretched himself on the grass, and in a short time went to sleep, from which he was awakened by the howling of a dog, whose piteous tone alarmed the drowsy stranger. He looked around and saw the animal at a few paces distant, and before he could arise he perceived some one approaching—it was the shepherd of a neighbouring flock, who, having folded for the night, the fleecy objects of his care, was returning to the habitation of his hospitable master, the farmer of the surrounding soil—he had been attracted by the cries of his faithful dog, and hastened to the spot where Alonzo slept—he raised him from the ground, and, after much intreaty, persuaded him to accompany him to the residence of his employer.

The night was advancing fast, and dews fell heavy on the day-parched earth—a solemn stillness reigned around, and Cynthia, by the gathering clouds, was checked in her attempt to yield her wonted light. Their way lay over a common, at the extremity of which was a wood of small extent—the faithful dog still led the van, and smelt along the beaten track; Alonzo followed, in silence, the humble hind. They were now within a few yards of the farmer's house, when a piercing female shriek attracted their notice—they flew to the spot from whence the voice proceeded, and found a young lady who had fainted, prostrate on the earth, whom they carried to the house. Heavens! what could equal the surprise of Alonzo when he found it to be no other than his beloved Flora?

The History of Mr. Sawyer Dickens, a Wealthy Banker.

(Continued from Page 915.)

THE chaise in which Mr. Dickens and his son travelled stopped at Mr. Darlington's house, in Cavendish-square, just as the unfortunate man was endeavouring to console his daughter for the death of her brother, and the probable consequences of his debt to Mr. Dickens. He heard the carriage draw up, and saw from the window his unwelcome visitors. "Good God!" exclaimed the agonized father, drawing his trembling girl to his bosom, "he is here; the wolf is already here, my child; he is come to devour your father!"

Ere he had recovered from the shock, the servant announced Mr. Dickens. Politeness and delicacy were *caviare* to the Bristol banker; he followed the servant, and in a moment he and his son were in the room Amelia clung round her father, and looked with terror on the intruders. Darlington held his hand to his forehead and was dumb. Dickens, without ceremony, walked up to him, and taking the other hand, shook it in a friendly manner; while Sawyer, riveted to the spot where he entered, was struck with awe at the sight of distress and beauty. Repulsing this freedom, Mr. Darlington, with an effort concealing his tenderer feelings, said, with diguity, "You are here, Mr. Dickens, rather unexpectedly."

"Mr. Darlington, I am not a man of words," replied Dickens; "I know your situation, and am come here on purpose to save the credit of your house."

"Sir!" said Mr. Darlington, with an emphasis full of meaning, and an expressive glance of the eye."

"You doubt," said Dickens.

"Yes, Sir," said Darlington, "both your will and your power. Could the credit of a banker be sustained in London while his family domains are in the hands of his creditors?"

"Certainly not," replied the other; "but these are not subjects for children;" looking on Amelia.

"My daughter's distress, Sir, is for a loss that can never be retrieved: my poor boy's zeal has cost him dear." He was compelled to cover his face with his handkerchief for a moment, then continued:—"Mr. Dickens, you are a father—judge if this visit at present can be acceptable."

"Mr. Darlington, I am a father, and I have my feelings as well as others, as my actions shall prove; but, in this world, Sir, we all know feelings must submit to circumstances."

"Sir!" said Mr. Darlington, with mingled sorrow and contempt.

"I would be plainer with you," replied Dickens; "but—" and again he cast his eyes on Amelia.

"Retire, my love, a few minutes," said Mr. Darlington, handing his daughter to the door. "Go into another room, Sawyer," said Mr. Dickens to his son; and the two fathers were alone.

"Mr. Darlington," said Dickens, smoothing his chin with his right hand, while he placed his otter in his breeches' pocket—"Mr. Darlington, as I said before, I am not a man of words; I know precisely your situation, Mr. Darlington, and every twist and turn of your affairs, Mr. Darlington. I grieve for the loss of your son, who was certainly a very promising young man, but for this unlucky business. But to the point, Mr. Darlington: you have still a daughter left, Mr. Darlington, and a very fine young creature to be sure she is. Now, Mr. Darlington,

Darlington, two hundred thousand pounds is not to be picked up in the streets; and if it be not forthcoming, why, you know, I may foreclose in a few days, and the thing would soon get wind; and then, I leave you to judge, Mr. Darlington, what would be the consequence; bad news flies apace, and a run on the bank would be the upshot, as you must be aware, Mr. Darlington. Now I have been calculating and reckoning these points, and what's the end on't? Why, this, to be sure: that if it was not necessary to raise this sum of two hundred thousand pounds directly, why, in time, things might come round: next year's crop in the West Indies may not be so bad as the last, and the year after that may be better still: so that, if appearances could keep as they are,—why, people need be no wiser than they are, you know, Mr. Darlington; and they will bring their money to your counter the same as if it was as safe as ever, Mr. Darlington."

The various emotions which this harangue created in the breast of Mr. Darlington, are indescribable. Frequently was he on the point of stopping it short; but, desirous of hearing the conclusion, he suffered him to proceed thus far, when the insinuation contained in the last sentence put him off his guard, and he exclaimed, "Oh, Harry! oh, my son! now—now I feel the wounds you have inflicted: I am compelled to listen to an insinuation against my honour and my honesty! Your wealth, Sir, and my misfortunes have given you the power of ruining me, but not of insulting me with impunity."

"Insult you, Mr. Darlington! Why, your misfortunes have turned your brain. Insulted you! I came a hundred and twenty miles to hush up matters, and put things straight,—and this is called insulting! This may be fine logic, for aught I know, Mr. Darlington; but I'm sure it's not according to my notions of business."

"What is it but insult, Sir, to suppose that the house of Darlington would receive the money of its customers, when I know that its bankruptcy may take place at any hour you please? No, Sir—no: if such is your intended clemency, I refuse it. Foreclose, instantly, Sir; take possession of Darlington-hall as soon as you please; advertise it for sale by auction, if you will. It may occasion me to shut up my doors in Lombard-street; but it shall not make me a villain!"

Mr. Dickens stared with astonishment at the warmth of Mr. Darlington, for, in truth, he never meant to convey that meaning by his speech, which the quick sense of honour in Darlington attached to it.

"One word, one word, Mr. Darlington, and I have done," said Dickens. "You have run your head against a post, as the saying is; that's no fault of mine; I had no meaning to offend you. To come to the point, for I have always found

plain dealing the best road, my meaning was this—You are under bond to pay me two hundred thousand pounds next month, or the estates in Cumberland are mine. Now, I know you can't pay me, without shutting your doors in Lombard-street, as you say; and if it comes to be known that I have foreclosed the mortgage, because you can't redeem it, why, it comes to the same thing; for your credit is gone, and then where's your bank? Now, Mr. Darlington, don't be offended again, Mr. Darlington; though I am what I am, through hard working and close saving,—and though your family, as I have heard, be come of lords and earls,—yet, Mr. Darlington, my two hundred thousand's as good as a duke's; and all I say is, why there it is, and more to that, if it is wanted; there's the use of the Bristol bank besides. And for what? you will say. Why, for a fair share of the profits; a fair honest share, Mr. Darlington; Edward Dickens is not the man to want more than his own."

Mr. Darlington was staggered. "If, Sir," said he, "I have misconstrued your meaning, I beg your pardon. Now if I understand you rightly, you are willing to let the money advanced remain in the bank, upon being admitted to a proportionate share of the profits; that is, you propose yourself as a partner."

"Not quite so: I am in years, Mr. Darlington; my son is coming on apace—eighteen years old, last March the fourth. He is a sharp lad, has the best of learning, the very best, Mr. Darlington, that money could buy. You have a daughter—."

"Sir! forgive the interruption," said Mr. Darlington, "you do not mean, perhaps, to wound me; but a proposal so abrupt, to place the son of another in the situation which the death of my own has so recently made vacant, is not of a nature to be attended to immediately. I thank you, however, for the confidence your proposal evinces. Nay, I will not absolutely refuse it; but I see so many obstacles to it, that, in requesting a little time for consideration, I would by no means have you withhold such proceedings as your judgment directs, from any notion of my consent which such a request might imply. You shall hear from me, Sir, as soon as possible; but for the present you must excuse me."

These sentences were uttered with the interruption of sobs; and then ringing the bell for a servant, he left the room without waiting an instant for Mr. Dickens's reply.

"Oh, Harry Darlington!" inwardly ejaculated the distressed father, as he tottered to his library, "oh, human happiness!—I have nurtured a son from infancy to manhood—I have seen him qualified to occupy with honour the place of his father and grandfather:—he is vanished! In an instant the hopes and affections that sweetened my life are dissipated like the dream

of an hour! Thou art gone, my poor Harry, for ever!—And the son of an ale-house waiter!—Good God!—Is it he shall rise up in the place of a Darlington?"

The anguish of this worthy man was extreme, and the appearance of his daughter, who sought to alleviate his sorrow, only increased his distress.

In the mean time Dickens and his son had quitted the house; the former with no slight degree of astonishment at the conduct of Mr. Darlington.

"The thing, however, must take that course," said he to his son; "I am sure it must, Sawyer.—There's no loop-hole. Pride's in the way: he thinks we are not grand enough in family connections:—but we are in possession of that that will buy titles, boy. He is a good-meaning man, that Darlington, but a little weak in the noddle: crying and pouting about what can't be helped; all idle nonsense. Well, let him alone a bit, must come-to, Sawyer. We have him in a bag; of two evils he'll choose the least, I warrant. Won't relish bankruptcy. See if any of his grand cousins will raise two hundred thousand—not amongst them altogether. Let him try the city—many a one willing to catch at such an opening; but where's their hundred thousands? Yes, yes, I foresaw all this; must come to us, at last, and then, Sawyer, you are made for ever. The best accounts in all the city—receivership of the county—treasureship accounts—government accounts; I know what I am about, my boy; and I am sure Sawyer Dickens is not the undutiful son, or the snivelling fool, that would baulk the plans of his father."

As this votary of wealth now prophesied, precisely so it came to pass. After a variety of struggles between pride and shame—between the instant disgrace of ruin and bankruptcy, and the more remote humiliation of adding Sawyer Dickens to the firm, the heart-broken Darlington acceded at length to the latter. Sawyer Dickens was immediately admitted, upon the most liberal terms, as an inmate in the house of Mr. Darlington, and attended the banking-house in the capacity of a pupil, who was hereafter to become a principal in the concern.

It was the substance of one clause in the articles of this agreement, that if, on or before a certain day, Sawyer Dickens married Amelia Darlington, then and in that case, the said sum of two hundred thousand pounds, now belonging to Edward Dickens, with all other share, interest, and concern whatever, which he now possessed in the house of Darlington and Dickens, should be, and become, the joint property of the said Sawyer Dickens and Amelia Darlington, and the survivor of them for ever. The intent of this clause was obvious, and that intent was answered. The credit, the fortunes of Darlington

now

now rested entirely on the connection with Dickens, and the filial anxiety of Amelia soon discovered that important secret.

At the same time, Sawyer Dickens, with his father, perceived the numerous advantages that must accrue from a relationship with the family of Darlington, in the event of his death, and urged with importunity his pretensions to the gentle Amelia. They were married. Mr. Darlington lived to bless their nuptials, and then sunk with resignation to that grave, which the indiscretions of a beloved son had prematurely prepared.

The heart of old Dickens was now without a wish: he beheld the work of his hand and rejoiced. From penury itself he had arisen to a level, in point of fortune, with the richest men of his age, and he saw his son firmly established in a concern that added every year immense accumulation to his already overgrown fortune. He lived to see that son the father of a son, and then his career of avarice was closed for ever.

Through life he had suffered no pain, he had enjoyed no pleasure from the intellectual part of his being: for in him the accumulation of wealth was not a passion, but merely an instinct, which afforded him only a similar enjoyment to that which the indulgence of gluttony yields to its grovelling votaries. In death he experienced neither mental terror nor hope; his corporeal sufferings engrossed his whole essence of being, except that in short intervals of ease he would exhort his son to preserve and to increase that wealth, which it had been the chief end of his existence to create. The widow Dickens survived her husband only a few months; and these three deaths left Mr. Sawyer Dickens one of the wealthiest commoners in England.

Education had given him advantages to which his father had ever remained a stranger: and his introduction, at an early period of life, to the polite and intelligent circle of Mr. Darlington, afforded him a view of the world never seen by his sire. The amiable qualities and the refined accomplishments of his Amelia were also charms, that wrought an almost magical effect upon the nature of a Dickens. Insensibly he became the well-informed man, the polished gentleman; and, by degrees, the conbined influence of his manners and his purse, introduced Mr. Sawyer Dickens into the very highest circles of fortune, rank, and fashion.

He had attained his thirty-second year, and was in the zenith of his influence and notoriety, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-five, the summer of which his family had passed at Brighton.

Since the above period this fortunate man has continued adding to his already very large fortune, and gone on in the usual

track of a banker, without any material incident happening to him that has come to our knowledge.

Origin of the Ancient Reward of Connubial Affection at Dunmow.

[From Brayley and Britton's Beauties of England.]

THE ancient and well-known custom of this manor, of delivering a gammon, or flitch of bacon, to any married couple who would take a prescribed oath, is supposed, by some writers, to have originated in the Saxon or Norman times: others attribute its institution to the Fitz-Walters, but with what propriety is uncertain. It appears, however, from the different entries in the register, as "*secundum formam donationis*," and "*secundum charter formam*," to have been imposed on the possessors of the manor by some benefactor. The earliest delivery of the bacon on record occurred in the 23d of Henry VI. when Richard Wright, of Bradbourge, in Norfolk, having been duly sworn before the prior and convent, had a flitch of bacon delivered to him, agreeably to the tenure. The ceremonial established for these occasions, consisted in the claimant's kneeling on two sharp pointed stones in the church-yard, and there, after solemn chanting, and other rites, performed by the convent, taking the following oath:

"You shall swear by custom of confession,
That you ne'er made nuptial transgression,
Nor since you were married man and wife,
By household brawls or contentious strife,
Or otherwise at bed or at board,
Offended each other in deed or in word;
Or since the parish-clerk said Amen,
Wished yourselves unmarried again;
Or in a twelvemonth and a day,
Repented not in thought any way;
But continued true in thought and desire,
As when you joined hands in holy quire.
If to these conditions without all fear,
Of your own accord you will freely swear,
A whole gammon of bacon you shall receive.
And bear it hence with love and good leave;
For this our custom at Dunmow well known,
Tho' the pleasure be our's, the bacon's your own."

In the chartulary of the priory, now in the British Museum, three persons are recorded to have received the bacon previous to

to the suppression of the religious houses. Since that period, also, the bacon has been thrice delivered; in these cases the ceremonies have been performed at a court-baron for the manor, held by the steward. The last persons that received it, were John Shakeshanks, woolcomber, and Anne, his wife, of Wethersfield, who established their right on the 20th of June, 1751. Mr. Gough mentions the custom as abolished; but we understand it is only dormant either through the want of claimants, or from their neglect to enforce the demand. Several of the Hallett family, who possessed the manor, lie buried in the church.

LIFE *of* ADMIRAL JOHN GELL.

THIS gentleman lately paid the debt of nature at his seat, near Crickhowell, in consequence of an apoplectic seizure. He was held in high esteem for his valuable qualities, and was the descendant of a very ancient and respectable Derbyshire family. He was promoted to be a lieutenant in the navy, on the 6th of January, 1760, and a commander on the 14th of October, 1762. He was appointed to the Grampus fire-ship, but continued in that vessel only a short time; nor are we acquainted with the name of any other in which he afterwards served, previous to his quitting the rank just mentioned.

On the 4th of March, 1766, he was promoted to be a post-captain, and commissioned to the Launceston, of 44 guns, as captain to Vice-Admiral Durell, who then held the North American command, and had his flag flying on board that ship. Captain Gell remained three years on the same station, and also in the same ship, after the death of his admiral, which event happened in a few months after his promotion; but we do not find him to have received any subsequent appointment, 'till the year 1776, when he was commissioned to the Thetis frigate. He was employed during the first two years of his continuance in this ship, on the North American station; and having then returned to England, was refitted, and sent, in the month of March, 1779, to the Mediterranean. He sailed on the 28th of the same month, under the orders of Captain Allen, in the Chatham, having a fleet of merchant vessels under their convoy; but, soon after his arrival in the Mediterranean, very narrowly saved himself from being captured by two French ships of the line, which the Thetis and Montreal frigate, who were in company together, accidentally fell in with, and to which the latter became a prey.

Captain Gell returned to England after this fortunate escape, and continued in the same ship, on the home, or Channel station,

tion, for several months, without meeting with any occurrence demanding our particular mention. In 1780, having a short time before quitted the frigate, he was promoted to the Monarca, of 70 guns, one of the ships taken from the Spaniards, by the fleet under Sir George Rodney, off Cape St. Vincent's, in the month of January preceding. At the close of the year, the Monarca was ordered to the West-Indies, as one of the squadron sent thither under Sir Samuel Hood, for the purpose of reinforcing Sir G. Bridges Rodney; but, being overtaken at sea, when nearly thirty degrees to the westward, by a violent gale of wind, was, after having lost her main and mizen-masts, together with her foretop-mast, reduced to the necessity of putting back to England, under jury masts. The destination of the ship was, in consequence, changed, and Captain Gell proceeded in her singly, as soon as refitted, to the East-Indies.

He continued to serve in the same quarter during the whole remainder of the war, and was engaged in the numerous actions which took place with the French squadron, under Monsieur de Suffrein; on all which occasions he behaved with the most distinguished gallantry, and had the happiness, in one of them, most probably to prevent the Monmouth, of 74 guns, commanded by Captain Alms, which was completely dismantled and disabled, from falling into the hands of the enemy. The Monarca was constantly stationed in the line, as one of the seconds to Sir Edward Hughes, the commander in chief; and though, from the peculiar circumstances attending the greater part of them, that ship, with two or three others, sustained the principal weight or stress of the action; yet, as is not unfrequently the case, it received, perhaps, less injury, and had fewer calamities among the people, than have frequently befallen other vessels engaged only in a trivial, or inconsiderable skirmish.

Captain Gell returned to England in 1784, with the division ordered home, under Commodore King; and being paid off on his arrival, does not appear holding any subsequent commission, 'till towards the end of the year 1790, when he was appointed to the Excellent, of 74 guns, one of the ships put into commission, in consequence of the then apprehended rupture with Spain relative to Nootka Sound. The point in dispute being amicably settled, the Excellent was paid off, and Mr. Gell appears to have held no farther command as a private captain.

On the 1st of February, 1793, he was advanced to the rank of rear-admiral of the blue, and was immediately appointed to command one of the divisions in the fleet ordered out to the Mediterranean. Having, in consequence, hoisted his flag on board the St. George, of 98 guns, he proceeded thither in the

month

month of April, and on his passage had the good fortune to fall in with, and capture, the General Dumourier, a French privateer, together with her prize, the St. Jago, a Spanish register ship. The former had taken all the specie out of the prize, and, both together, formed the most valuable capture ever brought to England at one time. Lord Hood, with his division, followed in the month of May, and the rear-admiral continued to serve under his lordship, 'till compelled to return to England, overland, in the ensuing year, in consequence of his health being in a very precarious state. On such occasions, as the situation of naval affairs, and condition of the enemy permitted, he distinguished himself with his usual ability and gallantry; but the most material mention we find made of this gentleman is, his spirited conduct at Genoa, in the month of October.

The rear-admiral had been ordered thither with his own ship (the St. George), three ships of 74 guns, two frigates, as many fireships, and three sloops of war. La Modeste, a French frigate of 36 guns, was then lying in the harbour, and had broken the neutrality of the port on a variety of occasions, particularly by arming two gun-boats, for the purpose of acting offensively against England, in direct opposition to the remonstrances of the senate and government. Mr. Gell, as soon as informed of these circumstances, as he was by an advice boat, ordered, on his arrival, the Bedford, of 74 guns, to anchor alongside the Modeste, and demand her surrender. The order was at first refused to be complied with, but on receiving a few musket shot, reflection produced an immediate acquiescence. The government of Genoa, very properly considered the conduct of the British admiral as perfectly regular, as well as strictly consonant to the laws of nations, and the captured ship was incorporated with the British navy.

Mr. Gell, since his return to England, has not held any naval appointment. On the 12th of April, 1794, he was promoted to be rear-admiral of the white; and, on the 4th of July following, to be vice of the blue. On June 1, 1795, he was farther advanced to be vice of the white.

ENTERPRISING ESCAPE *from a* FRENCH PRISON.

THE following exhibits a remarkable and interesting example of courage and perseverance:—Mr. Samuel Mottley, of Portsmouth, a midshipman in the navy, was taken in the Minerva, Captain Brenton, on the 3d of July, 1803, off Cherbourg, where she had grounded, while in chase of some vessels. He, and other officers of the ship, were marched to Verdun, after having been hurried from one prison to another,

where they had the liberty of the town. Mottley, unfortunately, got into some dispute with some of the inhabitants, and was sent a close prisoner to the fort of Bitche, in Lorraine, and confined in a Souterrain, many feet below the floors of the prison. Here he remained, treated with excessive severity, from the 24th of May last 'till the 22d of August, on which day, he, and three of his fellow-prisoners, got leave to go to the town to settle some affairs. They were conducted under a guard, and therefore lay under no obligation not to escape; and it struck Mottley, that the thing might be accomplished.

He communicated his thoughts to Mr. Dougall (lieutenant of the Laurel privateer, from Liverpool, taken on the 14th of June, 1803), who appeared to him the most enterprising of the three, and therefore the fittest to share in the boldness of the undertaking. Their minds were soon made up, and a lucky opportunity offered. The party asked the guard permission to bathe, which was granted, and Mr. ——— and Mr. M'Dougall left the river before the other two; and dressing themselves, told the guard, that they would go on to the hotel, and provide dinner—the guard remaining to attend the others to the house. In a word—they ran off, and got away without hurt. When they had marched about six miles they heard alarm guns firing, and they pushed on about an hour longer, and then concealed themselves in a wood, where they remained 'till half past nine o'clock in the evening. They then made the best of their way 'till towards dawn, and then again lay down in the woods. This method was steadily pursued 'till the evening of the 27th of August, when they crossed the Rhine in a boat they seized on the bank. Their sufferings were extremely great during the six days we have been speaking of. They avoided the high road, and habitations, and actually tasted no food but fruit, which they stole occasionally.

During the first night and the last, they waded up to the middle in swampy ground, and suffered much from lying wet each of the days, and not daring to use exercise. The place where they crossed the Rhine was to the north of Strasburg; and, on the German side, they first entered (they supposed) the territory of Baden. They proceeded to Stutgard, where an English gentleman advised them to make the best of their way to Cassell, Hanover, and Hamburgh, which they did.

At Hanover they took a carriage to Hamburgh, where they saw the English consul, who furnished them with money, and a letter to the English agent at Husum. They sailed from Husum in the Lark packet, Captain Dell, and landed at Harwich, on Wednesday the 1st of October, at half past eleven o'clock at night. They slept there, and proceeded the next day to London, where these companions in a hardy enterprise separated for their respective homes.

[The route to the town of Hanover was performed on foot. From the Rhine to Stutgard, they proceeded on their former plan, only they ventured to obtain food, and one night, from excessive fatigue, they slept in a bed in a village. Great part of the way from Stutgard to Hanover, they again followed the same system, only a little more relaxed, and they slept oftener under cover. The greater part of this journey, amounting to 600 miles, was performed on foot, without shoes or stockings.]

GENUINE BULL.

A Gentleman in Cork, of great taste, lately fitted up a house in a style of great elegance. On showing it, however, to a friend, the latter objected to the thinness of the partitions which divided the rooms from each other, observing, that all that was said in one room might be overheard in the next. To this the owner replied, that he would immediately try the validity of the objection, by an experiment which could not fail. He accordingly called his servant Patrick, and directed him to go into the next room, to carefully shut the doors, and then listen in order to ascertain if he could distinguish any words spoken in the room where his master remained. When the master thought that Pat was properly stationed, he called out to him, *loudly*, "Do you hear me?" Pat immediately answered, as loudly, "*No, Sir.*"

TEFLIS ACADEMY.

AT Teflis, a town of Persia, and the capital of Georgia, a public academy has been lately opened under the direction of Alexei Petrief, who is conversant in the Russian language, and who has made considerable progress in the fine arts. Every means are employed by the Russian government to render the Georgians acquainted with the language and familiar with the manners of the Russians, by translating books from the one language into the other, &c.

A QUESTION, *by a Carpenter of Plymouth.*

A Gentleman has two pieces of ground, on a common, each of them in form of a parallelogram, and the ambit of each=29 miles; their breadths in ratio as 1 to 8, yet one of them contains 6 times as much ground as the other does.

Query, the sides of each of the parallelograms, and the area of each in miles, by a theorem that will solve all questions of a like nature.

Answer, by J. Salter, of Broadchembury, to J. Whittle's Rebus, inserted Sept. 22.

YOUR parts define, and rightly frame,
A SHEKEL then you'll quickly name.

† Similar answers have been received from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Ryan, and B. Belcher, of Stonehouse; J. S. of Exeter; W. D. of Bristol; R. Gidley, and P. Codd, of Dean Prior; T. Pitman, of Child Okeford; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; J. Matthews, of Dartmouth; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Lewis, of Poole; J. Whitnell, of Ashcott; G. P. O. of Beer; J. Woodman, of North Curry; Sophia, of Modbury; J. Fairweather, of Batson; A. Dyer, of Manadon-house, near Plymouth; R. Loosemore, and H. Ellis, of Tiverton; and Adrianus.

Answer, by J. Woodman, Jun. of North Curry, to M. P. M.'s Anagram, inserted September 22.

A POST's the messenger you mean,
Transpose it, STOP will then be seen.

†§† We have received the like answer from Henry Stoneman, and J. S. of Exeter; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; W. D. of Bristol; Sophia, of Modbury; B. Belcher, and J. Ryan, of East-Stonehouse; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Salter, Broadchembury; T. Pitman, of Child Okeford; J. Whittle, of Upway; Adrianus; H. Ellis, of Tiverton; J. Lewis, of Poole; R. Gidley, and P. Codd, of Dean Prior; J. Whitnell, of Ashcott; and Ann Dyer, of Manadon-house, near Plymouth.

A CHARADE, *by J. Whitnell, of Ashcott.*

MY first is a part of our dress;
My next is a sort of a tree;
My first in my whole hath a place,
If you join it right you will see.

A REBUS, *by P. Codd, of Dean Prior.*

YE wits sublime, a fruit define;
A poet next expound;
One of the sweet, harmonious nine,
Must, thirdly, Sirs, be found;
That beauteous youth elucidate,
Who in a wood was slain;
An ancient monarch predicate;
And last a bird explain:
The six with care, ye bards, combine,
A British general you'll define.

A REBUS, *by J. A——g.*

MY first's of French extraction,
Yet represents a place;
My next, without a fraction,
Three letters will express;
Revers'd it will expose
A curious kind of snare;
An insect last disclose
In bringing up the rear:
My whole you'll find, if you persist
In search of, in the army list.

POETRY.

Lines sent by Lord Melcombe to Dr. Young, not long before his Lordship's Death.

LOVE thy country, wish it well,
Not with too intense a care,
'Tis enough that, when it fell,
Thou it's ruin did not share.

Envy's censure, flattery's praise,
With unmov'd indifference view;
Learn to tread life's dangerous maze,
With unerring virtue's clue.

Void of strong desire and fear,
Life's wide ocean trust no more;
Strive thy little bark to steer
With the tide, but near the shore.

Thus prepar'd, thy shorten'd sail
Shall, whene'er the winds increase,
Seizing each propitious gale,
Waft thee to the port of peace.

Keep thy conscience from offence,
And tempestuous passions free,
So, when thou art call'd from hence,
Easy shall thy passage be;

Easy shall thy passage be,
Chearful thy allotted stay,
Short the account 'twixt God and thee;
Hope shall meet thee on the way;

Truth shall lead thee to the gate,
Mercy's self shall let thee in,
Where it's never-changing state
Full perfection shall begin.

MELCOMBE REDIVIVUS.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A SEA SONG.

OUR foretop-sail loose, and our anchor a-trip,
Gave the signal forall to depart;
Says I to my Susy, and swore on her lip,
For d'ye see, she had grappled my heart.
"Neat, trim, and well-rigg'd, you're a tight little smack,
"Nor shall be by a land-lubber mann'd;
"When a pirate runs foul, Sue, take him aback,
"For you know we are splic'd heart and hand."

A seaman's true-hearted, ne'er false to the fair,
He's Britannia's sheet-anchor and rest;
Her glory his system, her beauty his care,
And with laurels her spear shall be dress'd!

To

To fight is our duty, to vanquish our boast,
When old England's proud foes we espy;
For honour's our standard, and beauty our toast,
And, like Britons, we'll conquer, or die!

The salt water drops ran from Susy's bright eyes,
But I bade her haul in, and belay;
"So coil up your rigging, dear Susy, time flies,
"For you, too, must get under weigh.
"The boat's alongside," and my heart gave a crack,
As I saw her row off to the shore;
Oh! shiver my topsails! thus taken aback,
When honour impell'd to unmoor!

With topgallant royals, and studding sails set,
Swift as lightning she swam on the tide;
"Ahead's two French frigates, by George, they shall sweat,"
And our thunder pour'd in a broadside.
The captain sung out, as our guns gave a crack,
"England's honour, brave boys, we'll maintain;"
"*Sacra Dieu!*" cried Monsieurs, thus taken aback,
And they struck to the lords of the main!

Crewkerne.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

CALUMNY.

DAUGHTER of Hell! and offspring of despair,
Where shall I seek thee? In what hideous cave
Of dismal night? recluse from all that's fair!
Wither fiend-like, still moping and forlorn,
Brooding o'er vice, and hatching all that's vile.
Oh combination of infernal guilt!
Oh complicated vice of blackest dye!
Oft have I seen the tear of anguish drop
From virtue's fairest eye; seen the pure breast
Of honour heave the sigh of baleful grief;
Witness'd the manlike brow of gen'rous worth,
O'ercast with clouds thy cruel wrath had form'd;
And on the cheek of innocence unstain'd,
Beheld the blush envenom'd rancour breath'd.
Hast thou not marr'd the spotless virgin's name?
Divided friends, and burst the bonds of love?
Yes, hypocrite! this hast thou done, e'en whilst
Thy haggard cheeks in guileful smiles were dress'd.
But virtue! rear thine head, nor stand appall'd
At contumelious slander; thou, as with mail
Art cloth'd; pointless from thee its envious
Dart shall fall, and in oblivion rot.
Yes! thou wilt triumph, and immortal day
Shall prove thy vict'ry, and in the bosom
Of thy God thou'lt rest, secure from woe,
Where vicious calumny shall ne'er approach,
Nor aught exist but charity and love.

Camborne, Cornwall. J. B.

EPITAPH *on a* YOUNG LADY.

SLEEP on, thou fair, and wait th' Almighty's will,
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still.